

MEREDITH EAGLE.

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NO. 10.

Meredith Eagle.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY MORNING BY

C. H. KIMBALL,

Publisher.

52 P. O. Address, Plymouth, N. H.

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and Flowers, and an excellent top

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STOVES, RANGES,

FURNACES,

Tin, Glass, Britannia, Wooden and

Hollow Ware, Table Cutlery, and

Kitchen Furnishing

Goods

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The best in the World.

J. A. MITCHELL,

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How to Repel the Assaults of Ill Health.

Are you ever vexed or troubled with indige-

stion, torpid or disordered Liver, want of ap-

petite, constipation, or feeble state of the

system? If so, take without delay the

celebrated **FAVORITE REMEDY**, a

medicinal preparation of the most

valuable ingredients, and you will find it

Dr. Kennedy's address is Boston, N. Y.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

The Gracie ran several excursions

during the Fourth.

A. V. Pendexter has a new fence

about his premises.

Miss Emma Pitman is stopping at

home for a few days.

The stone curbing has been set

on David Gilman's lot.

Miss Hannah Young is making

repairs on her dwelling.

Oliver Prescott is suffering from a

bad felon on his finger.

Haying is well started with a

prospect of a fair crop.

Charles R. Swain and wife are

visiting in Portsmouth.

Edwin Cate has been in Boston

this week buying goods.

E. G. Leach and family of Con-

cord have recently been here.

The pig race advertised for the

Fourth was a decided failure.

Fred I. Plaisted caught a large

turtle recently in Lake Waukegan.

W. B. Reynolds is putting a new

coat of paint on the engine house.

E. C. Wilkinson is building an ad-

dition to his residence near the de-

pot.

Dr. George Bartlett is taking a

vacation away from his drug busi-

ness.

F. S. Prescott has erected a fine

monument in the cemetery on the

Neck.

F. S. Prescott has recently placed

a new monument upon his lot on the

Neck.

Mr. Boynton cut his finger quite

severely recently while cutting

bushes.

Rev. J. B. Davis exchanged with

Rev. G. H. Pinkham of the Centre

last Sabbath.

Miss Dearborn is closing out her

stock of millinery preparatory to

going out of business.

Fred Nelson having disposed of

his barber business, proposes to try

his hand at peddling.

Mrs. J. A. Batchelder, who has

been very sick with diphtheria, is

now slowly recovering.

Repairs are very much needed at

the post office, as the floor is becom-

ing badly dilapidated.

Mr. Ezekiel Bickford of Cincin-

nati, Ohio, is visiting the home of

his youth on the Neck.

The tansorial business is being

carried on by Al Cox instead of by

F. B. Wilson as heretofore.

Mrs. Daniel Tilton has returned

to her home in Boston, Mass., after

visiting here several weeks.

J. F. Buede, a recent graduate of

Yale, has returned home and will

now attend to store business.

A. C. Stewart of the Boston Her-

ald office, is stopping at the Elm

House accompanied by his wife.

A party from the lower portion of

the state have been camping on one

of the islands in Lake Waukegan.

Dr. C. D. Prescott of New Bed-

ford, Mass., has joined his family

who are visiting with relatives in

this vicinity.

Mr. Albert Lovejoy of Fifth Ave-

nuet Hotel, New York, has recently

been visiting his sister and mother

in this place.

Miss Julia Hersey and mother of

Fernandina, Fla., are spending the

season with the family of J. M. Scar-

ver on Highland street.

E. T. Wiggins is building a resi-

dence near his father's with the in-

tention of residing there with his

family when completed.

Moses Dinamore of Saugus, Mass.,

has arrived in town with dog and

gun, prepared to enjoy his hunting-

expeditions in this vicinity.

Wadleigh's mill is running nights

on account of the pressure of busi-

Mrs. E. Berry, while out berrying

the other day, caught her foot

against a rock causing her to fall.

She struck her head on a fearful blow,

cutting a severe gash over her left

eye, making a very bad wound.

LOON POND.

Mr. Twombly has moved to Alexandria.

Strawberries are getting ripe and are

quite plenty.

We are now having some very hot

weather.

The potato bugs are as plenty as they

were last year and as hale and hearty as

ever.

Some of our young population who

went to see the elephant got somewhat

disappointed as they claim the ears of

the animal was the largest part.

A large rattlesnake was seen in this vic-

inity a short time since.

Widely known, and extensively used is

the verdict on Dr. Graves' Heart Regula-

tor as a cure for heart disease. Its sales

are from Nova Scotia to California, and

many are the testimonials received of the

good it does. Pamphlet free of F. E.

Ingalls, Concord, N. H. Price 50 cents

and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by all

druggists.

Perhaps no medicine is so universally

required as a good cathartic. Swayne's

Pills are prepared expressly to meet this

necessity being composed of purely veg-

etable ingredients of which podophyllin

or mandrake, sarsaparilla, yellow dock

and other concentrated juices enter largel-

ly into their composition; the whole

strength of which is extracted on an en-

tirely new principle. They are mild in

their operation and are truly a valuable

aperient and anti-bilious medicine. They

stimulate the liver to healthy action,

cleanse the stomach and bowels of all

impurities. Curing sick and nervous

headache, dyspepsia or indigestion, bil-

iousness, fevers, drowsiness, colds, ach-

ing pains, cures slight chills, with

flashes of heat and female irregularities.

For a bilious and costive habit, no medi-

cine is so prompt and effectual. Mailed

on receipt of price (in postage stamps)

25 cents, or five boxes for \$1. Address

Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask your druggist for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Kingsley of Dor-

chester have recently made a short visit

to friends in town.

Colorado Excursions.

Colorado Round Trip Tourist Tickets

at greatly reduced rates, via C. & Q.

R. R., new Chicago and Denver Through

Line, good during summer months and

National Mining and Industrial Ex-

position in September, are now on sale

and full particulars as to trains and rates can

be obtained from any Coupon Ticket Of-

fice in the United States or Canada.

July 12-13

A Hardy has been setting out maple

trees near his dwelling.

Mr. M. U. Calvert, who is agent in

this part of the state for the Union

Mutual Life Insurance company of

Maine, has been endeavoring during

the past week to find one Edward L.

Jones, late of Claremont. If Mr.

Jones should see this paragraph, he

can get a draft for \$472.65, by apply-

ing as above. The Union Mutual

must be a good Company.

July 7.

Sketching from Nature.—The Lake

Country Summer Art School will be

at Weirs, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

July 17, and continue four weeks.

Thorough instruction will be given in

sketching from nature in pencil, char-

coal, pen and ink, and oil colors. The

secrery about Weirs is strikingly beau-

tiful. Teachers of skill and reputation

will give instruction in painting flowers

in oil colors. A special class will be

arranged for teachers who wish to learn

industrial drawing. Beginners will re-

ceive special attention. An illustrated

catalogue with an engraving of Weirs and

Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co.'s

SAMARITAN

CURES FITS.

NEVER FAILS.

NERVINE

The only known Specific Remedy for Epileptic Fits.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, St. Vitus

Dance, Virgic's Tremor, Hysteria, Apoplexy, Paraly-

sis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Diseases.

This infallible remedy will positively eradicate every

form of Nervous Disorder, and drive them away

from whence they came, never to return again. It

restores the system to its normal condition, and

restores the system to its normal condition, and

restores the system to its normal

Beauty Rules.

"Rule One.—A woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please. Whatever she may wish to accomplish she will best manage it by pleasing. A woman's grand social aim should be to please."

"And let me tell you how that is to be done," Sophia said, putting her paper down for a moment. "A woman can please the eye by her appearance, her dress, her face and her figure. She can please the ear by studying the art of graceful elocution, not hard to any of us, for by nature we speak with finer articulation than you. She can please the mind by cultivating her own—so far, at least, as to make her a good listener; and as much further as she will; she can please the fancy by ladies' wit, of which all of us have a share. She can please the heart by amiability. See here," she continued, growing grave, "you have the key of my system. Beauty of person is only one feature of true beauty. Run over these qualities. See how small a part personal beauty or the freshness of youth plays here. I want you to observe this; for my art would consist not in making women attractive who are openly pretty and young, but in showing them that youth and prettiness, though articles of beauty, are neither the only nor the indispensable articles."

"Rule Two.—Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. In manner, dress, conversation, remember always that modesty must never be forgotten."

"Hardly likely to be," I murmured.

"Understand me," answered Sophia briskly. "I mean modesty in a very tender sense. There is nowadays a tendency in women to rebel against old-fashioned modesty. The doctrine of Liberty is spreading among us, for which I thank God," Sophia said (she was the oddest little mixture of Tory and Whig and Radical ever combined on this eccentric earth). "But the first effects of that doctrine on our minds are a little confusing. We are growing more independent and more individual. Some of us fancy that to be modest is to be old-fashioned, and of course we want the newest fashion in all things."

"I maintain," Sophia said, growing a little warm, as if she fancied I might argue back, "I maintain that a modest woman is the reply of my sex to a brave man—you can no more have a true woman without modesty than a true man without courage. But remember, I use the word modesty in a high sense."

"Just what I was going to ask," I said.

"Not prudery," she added. "Prudery is to modesty what brag is to bravery. Prudery is on the surface; modesty is in the soul. Rosalind in her boy's suit is delightfully modest, but not," Sophia said with a twinkle of her eye "not very prudish, is she?"

I assented, and thus made way for—

"Rule Three.—Always dress up to your age or a little beyond it. Let your person be the youngest thing about you, not the oldest."

"Rule Four.—Remember that what women admire in themselves is what men admire in them."

"In nine dressing-rooms out of ten," Sophia said, seeing me give a look of inquiry as she read this article, "Miranda or Cordelia, as novel heroines, would be voted bore. Women would say, 'We utterly decline to accept these watery girls so typical of us; we want smartness and life.' I don't really care much for Miranda or Cordelia myself. Now this seems to me to caution us against trusting too implicitly or too far our own notions about ourselves. Another source of misunderstanding comes from the novel-writers. We are the novel-readers, and the novelist is forced to write heroines to suit our taste. He does not want to offend us. Thus it comes about that even the male novelist is too often only depicting women's women, after all. And I believe scores of modern girls are seriously misled for this very reason. They believe they are finding out what men think of them, when in truth they are reading their own notions handed back to them under a pretty disguise."

"Rule Five.—Women's beauties are seldom men's beauties."

"Which," she remarked, "is another form of what I said just now, only here I speak of personal beauty. My observation is, that if ten men and ten women were to go into the same company, and each sex choose the prettiest woman there, as they thought, you would rarely find that they chose the same. If this be so, we ought not to trust ourselves even as to our faces without considering that the sex we are to please must in the end settle the question, and will settle the question in its own way."

"Rule Six.—Gayety tempered by seriousness is the happiest manner in society."

"By which I mean," Sophia said, looking at me with knitted brows, as if she were about to explain some matter not altogether clear to herself, "that in all our gayety there ought to be a hint of self-recollection. Do you understand me?"

"Not quite," I said.

"This I know certainly," she replied: "the most agreeable women I have met with—and I think the most regarded—have been women of rank, who have been trained with a due regard for religion. Their worldly education had made them mindful of grace and liveliness; their religious education kept these qualities under a particular sort of control, which is perceptibly different from mere good breeding. It seems to me that vivacity and sprightliness are greatly enhanced by a vein of seriousness. Certainly no woman ought to be a mocker."

"Next," she continued, seeing I did not speak, "comes—"

"Rule Seven.—Always speak low."

"I wonder why I put that down. It is so obvious. In support of it I need only quote your Shakespeare, who calls it 'an excellent thing in woman.'"

"Rule Eight.—A plain woman can

never be pretty. She can always be fascinating if she takes pains."

"I well remember," Sophia said, after reading this, in a rather questionable assertion, "a man who was a great admirer of our sex, telling me that out of the most fascinating women he had ever known was not only not pretty, but as to her face decidedly plain—ugly, only the word is rude. I asked my friend, 'How, then, did she fascinate?' I well remember his reply. 'Her figure,' said he, 'was neat, her dressing was faultless, her every movement was graceful, her conversation was clever and animated, and she always tried to please. It was not alone who called her fascinating; she was one of the most respectable women in society I ever knew. She married brilliantly, and her husband, a barrister in large practice, was devoted to her—more than if she had been a queen of beauty.'"

"Now here," Sophia continued, resuming her own discourse—"here was a woman, who, excepting a fairly neat figure, had not a single natural gift of appearance. Is not this worth our thinking about—those of us women who care to please and are not beauties born?"

"Rule Nine.—Every year a woman lives the more pains she should take with her dress."

"The dress of us elderly dames," Sophia said, laughing, "ought to be of a science than it is. How often one hears a woman of fifty say, 'O my dressing days are past!' When," adds Sophia, "if she thought about it, they have only well begun. At least, the time has come when dress is more to her than ever. Remember, from fifty to sixty-five is a quarter of a century—the third of a long life. It is a period through which the majority of grown-up people pass. And yet how little pains women take—how little thought beforehand—to be charming then!"

"And now," she went on, seeing I did not speak, "here comes my last rule—as yet:

"Rule Ten.—In all things let a woman ask what will please the men of sense before she asks what will please the men of fashion."

"I by no means intend," she added, "that a woman is not to have regard to the opinion of men of fashion, only she should not give it the first place. She will carry the men of fashion sooner by methods that please the men of sense than men of sense by methods that please men of fashion. And besides, listen to the men of fashion. They always praise a woman for things which begin to perish at twenty-five. Even the old men of society will talk of a fine girl—'decidedly fine figure!' (I wish I could give an idea of Sophia's slightly wicked mimicry at this passage)."

"And they will call a woman rather on the decline, when, if she is on the decline, where and what are they? You see if a woman lives for the commendation of men of fashion she will, if pretty, pliant, or what not, have to reign for ten years. But if she remembers that she has charms of mind and character and taste, as well as charms of figure and complexion, the men of sense will follow her for half a century; and in the long-run the men of fashion will be led by the men of sense."

"And there!" Sophia cried merrily, throwing the paper down on the rug beside her—there are my rules for reforming our little world of women!"

Fashions in Bedsteads.

The introduction of the brass bedstead into modern homes is, says the New York Times, the greatest revolution that has been attempted. A few years ago these bedsteads were entirely unknown in America, now one house almost exhibits twenty different styles, and there is little doubt that they will meet with increasing favor. They are so very handsome in appearance, are so light and easy to move from one side of the room to the other, and, above all, they are so free from all impurities, as no dust collects upon them, that probably in time they will entirely supersede those of wood. It has taken time to prove that they do not lead to increase of work in the need of constant polish, but a wash has recently been invented which renders the metal impervious to the influence of moisture, and so does away with the principal objection to their universal adoption.

It is necessary to speak of the marvel of decoration and carving which are introduced into the modern bedstead by the fashionable decorator. Unlimited command of money can secure any amount of it, but it is not altogether to be deplored that very few persons after all are in this blissful position. Beds, like other matters, are often the better for being simple, and the housekeeper who sighs with envy for the shony bedstead inlaid with ivory or silver may be comforted with reflection that a handsome brass bedstead, which fulfills the intention of its construction, is more appropriate in homes where dollars are not counted by thousands than the magnificence of carving and silver would be.

A Wooden Leg's Endurance.

Two men contested about the power of endurance, and one said testily to meet the other, "I believe that I can hold my leg longer in boiling water than you can yours." "Done," said the other, and the steaming water was brought. In went the legs. No. 1 with an air of defiance, No. 2 with an edifying serenity. No. 1 began to wince, No. 2 called calmly for a newspaper. No. 1 began to find it intolerable; No. 2 smiled at the humor of the paper. "Good heavens," at last exclaimed No. 1, exasperated by the heat of the water and the coolness of his antagonist, "what is your leg made of?" "Wood!" sentimentally replied the other.

It is estimated that as the result of the persecution of Jews in Russia 100,000 Jewish families have been reduced to poverty, and property has been destroyed to the extent of \$16,000,000.

Public Lands—Information For Settlers.

The disposal of the public lands belonging to the United States is always a matter of general interest, for many thousands of our own people are constantly drifting toward the unoccupied domain from the sterile farms of one locality, the limited area to be purchased in another, the high prices at which improved farms are held in still another. There are yet other thousands who have become crippled in mercantile business, or are unable to cope with their fellows in professional life, or who are broken in health at mechanical labor, and for hundreds of other reasons, that are constantly setting their faces Westward. Besides, there are hundreds of thousands of emigrants arriving every year, many of whom read and speak the American language, the majority of whom design acquiring a homestead by purchase or under some one of the generous acts of the government towards its own children and the oppressed and venturesome of other nations.

Although we have before published about all the facts that here follow, the many questions that reach us regarding the public domain admonish us that a repetition is demanded.

There are now public lands open to settlement in sixteen States and eight Territories. In the following, land offices are established, which are in charge of a Register, where the land records are kept, and where all applications concerning lands in each district are filed and enquiries answered:

Alabama: Huntsville, Montgomery. Arkansas: Little Rock, Camden, Harrison, Dardanelle.

Arizona Territory: Prescott, Florence.

California: San Francisco, Marysville, Humboldt, Stockton, Visalia, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Shasta, Susanville, Red Bluff.

Colorado: Denver City, Leadville, Colorado City, Pueblo, Del Norte, Lake City.

Dakota Territory: Mitchell, Watertown, Fargo, Yankton, Bismarck, Deadwood, Grand Forks.

Florida: Gainesville.

Idaho Territory: Boise City, Lewiston, Oxford.

Iowa: Des Moines.

Kansas: Topeka, Salina, Independence, Wichita, Kirwin, Concordia, Larned, Wa Keeney.

Louisiana: New Orleans, Natchitoches.

Michigan: Detroit, East Saginaw, Reed City, Marquette.

Minnesota: Taylor's Falls, St. Cloud, Duluth, Fergus Falls, Worthington, Crookston, Benson, Tracy, Redwood Falls.

Mississippi: Jackson.

Missouri: Bonneville, Ironton, Springfield.

Montana Territory: Helena, Bozeman, Miles City.

Nebraska: Norfolk, Beatrice, Lincoln, Niobrara, Grand Island, North Platte, Bloomington.

Nevada: Carson City, Eureka.

New Mexico Territory: Santa Fe, La Mesilla.

Oregon: Oregon City, Roseburg, Le Grand, Lake View, Tillamook, Clatsop, Astoria, Tillamook.

Washington Territory: Olympia, Vancouver, Walla Walla, Colfax, Yakima.

Wisconsin: Menasha, Falls of St. Croix, Wausau, La Crosse, Bayfield, Eau Claire.

Wyoming Territory: Cheyenne, Evanston.

There are two classes of public lands, one being disposed of at \$1.25 per acre, and the other at \$2.50 per acre. The latter are the alternate sections reserved by the government in the land grants to railroads, etc.

If a person desires to purchase for cash he applies at the land office, pays his money, gets a receipt for it, and a certificate of purchase, the complete title to the land being given by the commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington. If the proceeding of the register is found regular; if not, the money is refunded. But cases of refunding scarce ever occur, so that no anxiety is felt on that score, if the certificate is once obtained.

Heads of families, or citizens over twenty-one who can locate under the pre-emption law. If such settle upon a quarter-section of unoccupied land they have the right of prior claim to purchase on complying with the proper regulations.

The homestead laws give to any citizen, or applicant for citizenship, over twenty-one years of age, who will actually settle upon and cultivate the land, 160 acres of \$1.25 per acre land, or half the amount of \$2.50 per acre land. The settler must occupy and cultivate his farm for five years before his patent will be issued. The fee will range from \$7 to \$34, and must be paid to the Register.

In order to obtain a title to a timber claim on the public lands of the United States, according to the amended law, but ten acres on each quarter-section need be planted to timber, or a corresponding portion on eighty and forty-acre tracts. The following are the conditions: Five acres on each quarter-section are to be broken the first year, cropped the second year, and the additional five acres broken.

The tree planting on five acres must be done the third year, at the rate of 2,700 to the acre, which means that the trees must stand four feet apart.

The fourth year the remaining five acres must be put in in the same manner. Cultivation of the trees must continue for eight years, at the end of which time there must be 675 living trees per acre on each of the ten acres.

The fees and commissions in timber culture entrance from \$13 to \$18. There has been some restriction as to the kind of timber trees that should be planted, intended, of course, to make all efforts to obtain lands under this act legitimate to prevent fraud in securing them. The land commissioner named the species of trees that must be planted, but his latest decision is in effect that any kind of tree may be planted that is known to be valuable in the locality in which the land is to be located. Of course, every one who desires to create a home for himself and family on one of these tracts is more deeply than any one else interested in informing himself upon this subject and in securing the very best species and varieties obtainable.

Current Wonders.

Oyster-Baiting in Michigan.

Half way from the great Saginaw salt wells and Macinaw City we passed through the upper part of Roscommon County. The country is too wild and unsettled to have a county seat, and the two stations in it are simply two great lumber camps. The population of the country is made up of hard-working lumbermen and three or four rich sawmill owners. Six miles from the station, after riding through a pine wilderness, I came to Seth Powell's house—perhaps the only nice house within ten miles.

"I came over," I said to Mr. Powell, "to see if it is true that you are raising oysters here in Michigan."

"Then you've heard about it, have you? Well, I guess you've struck the truth this time. I have an oyster bed in No-Mouth Lake, and they seem to be doing well. I'll take one of the boys, if you say so, and we'll drag out some oysters and show you."

No-Mouth Lake, I should say, was 100 rods long and sixty rods wide. It is deep at one end—I suppose sixty feet—while at the other it is shallow, with a gravel and sand bottom. One peculiarity about the lake is that it has no outlet. Two brooks run into it; but the water either soaks into the sand or evaporates. Its depth never changes. The whole country of Roscommon is situated on a divide. From the east side the waters run west into Lake Michigan; from the south side they run southerly, toward Saginaw Bay, and from the north side they run toward Grand Trunk Lake. The country is on the summit of Mr. Powell and the men rowed out about twenty feet from the shore, at the mouth of one of the brooks, in water about five feet deep, and dragged up some oysters. They were as good-looking oysters as I had ever seen in Oyster Bay or along the Shrewsbury river. They were fat and beautiful. Noticing the water was salt, I was filled with wonder.

"How came the water salt?" I asked. "It is just as it is at the mouth of Shrewsbury river."

"Well, oysters won't live in fresh water, will they?" asked Mr. Powell smiling. "They say the ocean gets its salt from the codfish; but this lake did not take its salt from the oyster."

"Where did it come from?" I asked. "Well, I'll tell you the history of my oyster-raising in the center of Michigan. I used to live at Smith Oyster Bay, on Long Island. We always used to plant the oysters at the mouths of the fresh water streams where they ran into the bay. An oyster wants it. If fresh and half salt water. Now, I found I had a lake with no outlet. That is, if there is an outlet, it is through the sandy bottom. Now, salt won't run through sand. I knew this because we had a well at Smith Oyster Bay in the sand twelve feet from the salt water, but it was always fresh. So, I said, if I put salt into this lake it will stay there. I can make it just like Oyster Bay, and I'll live here. My care, taking lumber to Saginaw, had to come back empty. Salt costs nothing but the pumping in Saginaw; so I shipped back fifty car loads of salt and put it into No-Mouth Lake. Then I went to Smith Oyster Bay, at Smith Oyster Bay, and had him ship me ten barrels of small oysters, little fellows no larger than marbles, and some of them the size of peas. I put them in the lake, at the mouth of the two fresh water brooks. They have grown right along. Now I'm putting in some other salt-water fish like clams and bluefish, and they'll grow, too. If I keep my lake just as salty as Oyster Bay, I know that any fish living in Oyster Bay will live here."

On arriving at the house, Mr. Powell gave us an oyster breakfast—raw oysters as good as Blue Point, broiled oysters on skewers, and fried oysters all from his lake in the center of Michigan.

A Daring Ride.

The following story, told by a cattle-raiser of Oregon, would seem unworthy of belief were it not that ranchmen are so often notoriously reckless of life and fond of courting danger for the reputation to be gained.

A year or so since there was a "rodeo" out on Lost River, Lake county. Ranchmen had gathered for a circuit of seventy miles to claim and brand their young cattle, and when a cordon of men had surrounded a large band, among which was a Spanish bull, a dispute arose about a "mallet-head" or calf that had escaped the spring-branding; the dispute on grew warm, none of the stock-owners being able to set up a valid claim or establish an undoubted title.

At last, in a spirit of bravado, a rancher proposed that whoever would ride the bull without saddle or halter should be the declared owner of the calf. There was a yell of approval, but not a general stampede of volunteers for taming was in an ill-humor, and his flaming mouth and bloodshot eyes gave token that whoever rode him would have a ride as wild as Matsepe's and one that would not end so well.

At last a "vaquero" named Frick accepted the challenge, and the bull was immediately lassoed and held by a lariat around horn and foot. Dismounting his horse the vaquero fastened his long rowelled spurs securely, tied a handkerchief around his head, approached the infuriated animal, and grasping the tail in his hands, sprang lightly on, setting the spurs deeply in his flanks as he settled securely in his seat. The lariat was slackened; the bull gave a roar of rage and terror and flung his head to the ground; but the rider had his back to the horse and a firm grip on the tail, and kept his seat. Another roar shook the ground, a wild plunge, and the now maddened bull shot out across the sage plain with lightning speed, his plucky rider twisting the tail that to him was a sheet-anchor until the bellows were lost in the distance.

For over a mile and a half the race continued amid the excited cheers of the vaquero's comrades. Occasionally the bull gave a desperate plunge through a heavy clump of sage in the attempt to rid himself of his tormentor, but the long rowels only clung more firmly to his flanks. Sometimes the animal and rider were hidden by undulations in the ground, and bets were even made that Frick would be thrown and gored; but at last the bull exhausted from sheer fright, fell, and the plucky vaquero, stepping lightly off returned to claim the prize which was unanimously awarded.

The Home of the Horse.

There is no doubt that the original home of the horse is not Europe, but Central Asia; for, since the horse in its natural state depends upon grass for its nourishment and fleetness for its weapon, it could not in the beginning have thriven and multiplied in the thick forest-grown territory of Europe. Much rather should its place of propagation be sought in those steppes where it still roams about in a wild state. Here, too, arose the first nations of riders of which we have historic knowledge, the Mongolians and the Turks, whose existence even at this day is as it were combined with that of the horse. From these regions the horse spread in all directions, especially into the steppes of Southern and Southeastern Russia and into Thrace, until it finally found entrance into the other parts of Europe, but not until after the immigration of the people. This assumption, at least, strongly favored by the fact that the farther a district of Europe is from those Asiatic steppes, i. e., from the original home of the horse, the latter the tamed horse seem to have made its historic appearance in it. The supposition is further confirmed by the fact that horse-raising among all every tribe appears as an art derived from neighboring tribes in the East or Northeast. Even in Home the ox appears exclusively as the draught-animal in land operations at home and in the field, while the horse was used for purposes of war only. Its employment in military operations was determined by swiftness alone. That the value of the horse must originally have depended upon its fleetness, can easily be inferred from the name which is repeated in all the branches of the Indo-European languages, and signifies "hastening," "quick." The same fact is exemplified by the descriptions of the oldest poets, who, next to its courage, speak most of its swiftness.

American Artisans.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal*, speaking of American workmen, says: "What I have said of the building trades applies to all others. Indeed, the higher intellect, taste and skill a business requires, the more does the American workman respond to the demand. The plasticity of type to which we have referred is nowhere seen so plainly as in the domain of the useful arts. Germans and Frenchmen have given a finish to American manufactures that is wanting in our own. Besides, there is a native neatness, the result of a high ideal of excellence. This matter deserves the serious attention of British manufacturers who are losing many markets simply from the clumsiness of their goods. There is rising in the United States a race of artists, designers, and artificers who promise to surpass those of all other nations. The fervor of the climate develops the aesthetic side of man, the clash of billions of eager, inventive minds is producing a standard of excellence that is both novel and exalted; the possibilities of wealth are vastly beyond those of any European State, and the love of the elegant and the beautiful pervades all classes. The inevitable sequence of these conditions must be widespread, all-involving art. It is seen in the gorgeous public buildings, in the exquisite villas, in the light, yet strong furniture, in the beautiful appointments of drawing-rooms and table equipages; while every American lady, eye, though black, is living evidence of an innate taste in dress that makes the English suffer by contrast. Into every avenue of life this characteristic of taste goes, modifying manners and behavior as much as architecture, furniture, dress, ornaments, and tools."

Fertilization of Plants.

The important part which insects often play in the fertilization of flowers is well shown in the case of the Hyacinth, a class of tropical plants popularly known as was-flowers. The Hoya is highly fragrant. This fragrance is very attractive to insects, which are necessary for fertilization of this plant. The pollinia are concealed, excepting the dark viscid disks, which are exposed. When an insect alights on the flowers, one foot at least slips and gets caught by one of the fine little glutinous disks. In its efforts to escape two, three or even four other feet are almost sure to get similarly caught. The insect then tries with all its power to free its limbs. If successful the pollen-masses are withdrawn out of the pouches by the feet. The basal appendages of each pair of pollinia are elastic, and when in the pouch they are like an extended spring, but the instant the masses are drawn out, the spring closes, and the two pollen masses quickly cross each other and hold lightly on to the insect's little claws. If the insect is weak, it cannot withdraw its legs at all, and so it stays on the flower; but if strong, it flies away with one to five pairs of pollinia clasped round its feet. Sometimes an insect breaks part of its leg off in trying to withdraw it. The five stigmas are not ready to receive the pollen at the time the pollen is mature; so that it is only when the insect alights on some neighboring Hoya-flower in a more advanced stage of growth that cross-fertilization takes place by its treading on the exposed stigmas.

Literature and the Literati.

The public taste for the Zola literature is said to have lately cooled in France.

Oscar Wilde is reported to be writing a book on the education of children.

Henry Vixtelly has written a *History of Champagne*, which is said to be sparkling.

Both Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Emerson died from the effects of imprudent exposure to chilly air.

Mr. Louis Blanc is preparing for the press a complete edition of his works.

Matthew Arnold is going to lecture at Cambridge next month on *Literature and Science*.

The *Literary World*, of Boston, has absorbed a monthly journal of Buffalo, called *Literature*.

Whoever falls to read *The Vicar of Bray*, misses one of the most enjoyable of modern books.

The lady who writes under the name of "Sarah Tyler" is named Mrs. Henrietta Kiddle.

The late James Rice wrote nothing of importance, it is asserted, unaided by Walter Besant, except a *History of the Turf*.

"Uncle Remus"—otherwise Joel Chandler Harris—has written a short story which is mentioned as a work of genius equal to the *Tar Baby*.

It is reported that Miss Abbott is the author of the new and far from striking novel *Aschenbroedel*. It suggests also the hand of the author of *An Earnest Tripper*.

John Morley, after retiring in November from the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, will devote all the time not given to editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* to purely literary work.

The Library Board of Boston advertises a "Pamphlet Case," which is not a misprint, but a case of spelling reform. But to be consistent, why should not Mr. Melvil Due's concern be called a Library Bellow?

A new monthly magazine, which is heralded as the best of its class, and one which is to cast all others into the shade, is to appear in England in the autumn. Longman & Co. are to be the publishers.

The Uses of an Enemy.

Always keep an enemy on hand—a brick, heavy, active enemy. Remark the uses of an enemy: 1. The having one's proof that you are somebody. 2. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people, never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

3. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold; it prompts you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

4. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes night, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He keeps you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and his mental quiver must be worth something.

5. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say nor chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up your cause for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is no truer friend in the world than one that is not afraid to undertake to prove one's fault; all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvience thereof by the soul your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

The Norway Spruce.

Mr. J. B. Barth, Director of Norwegian Forests, in a recent essay on forestry in general, and the Norway Spruce (*Abies concolor*) in particular, has some curious speculations on the future of this popular evergreen. He treats at great length of the physical influence exerted by this tree, in rendering the earth around it more adaptable for its own rapid diffusion, as well as for that of other plants, and he regards it as of later development than the common Scotch fir, *Pinus sylvestris*, which, it appears, is destined to some extent to supersede. The history of these two trees on this Continent would be some extent seen to sustain Mr. Barth's views; the Scotch fir is said to lose vigor as it gets older and is not fulfilling the expectations which were once formed of its value, while the spruce appears at home everywhere and a general favorite.

We remember once recording the fact that a little boy said that soda-water tasted like your foot's asleep, but now comes a boy who says that weiss beer is thawed sand paper.

This reminds us of a Yankee on the Pacific coast who for the first time got a mouthful of Chili pepper. When the tears dropped he gasped, "For the love of heaven, no more needles and pins on toast!"

Walking Through Fire.

The superstitious practice of walking through fire at certain festivals still survives in Madras, and the European magistrate at North Arcot reports that two deaths occurred last year from this fanatical custom. Thus an old woman was so severely burned that she died almost immediately, while a lad fell as he was walking through the flames. It had been hoped that education and the advance of civilization would have gradually extinguished the habit, but 137 years of European rule have not changed the natives' opinions, and the Governor of Madras has been petitioned to interfere. Mr. Grant Duff, however, does not consider the case suitable for Government action, and points out that it took centuries to eradicate the similar rite of rushing through the fires of St. John in Bohemia.

Is there ever a hard question in morals that children do not drive straight at in their wide-eyed questioning?

The "Fly man's" Fate.

"A pitcher that goes too often to the well is broken at last." Professor S. J. Dare, the Man Fly, was known all over the country as a daring and graceful performer on the tight rope. He was the one time with Barnum. Three months ago he fell while giving a performance in California. He struck upon his head and remained insensible for ten days. The injury to his head resulted in permanent deafness in his left ear and a certain numbness of his face. On the 8th inst. he exhibited at Elushing, Long Island. The rope was stretched about thirty feet from the ground. The gymnast made the rope taut by twisting it with a basket of wood which he neglected to fasten, except to secure it by placing the basket against the chimney, and relying upon the pressure of the rope to hold it. He went through the first part of his performance, and then started out blindfolded across the rope. During his previous acts he had by some means deranged the bit of wood which held the basket taut, and just as he reached the middle some bricks in the chimney against which the basket rested were dislodged, the basket itself slipped and the rope suddenly slackened. He lost his footing by this unexpected movement, dropped his pole, and fell astride the rope. He bounded back in the air from the force of the fall, made a frantic effort to catch the rope, and then fell backward to the roadway, striking upon his shoulders and the back of his head. The blow rendered him insensible, and he was picked up unconscious and was borne to a neighboring hotel. He lingered about four hours and then died. His real name was James Suman, and he is said to be the son of a clergyman who is editorially connected with a Norwich (Conn.) newspaper.

The Last of the French Dandies.

M. Barbey d'Aurevilly writes charmingly, he talks well but it is his great pride and joy to be a fop. He glories in the name as much as ever George III. glories in the name of Belton. His faith on this subject is all set down in a great little book of which he is the author, which has Br

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